

The GREEN PIRATES

PETER B. KYNE

AUTHOR OF
WEBSTER-MAN'S MAN,
THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS,
ETC.

PICTURIZED BY
A. W. WELLS

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Captain Phineas P. Scraggs has grown up around the docks of San Francisco, and from a boy on a river steamer, risen to the ownership of the steamer *Maggie*. Since each annual inspection promised to be the last of the old weatherbeaten vessel, Scraggs naturally has some difficulty in securing a crew. When the story opens, Adolbert P. Gibney, a little but energetic man, whom nobody but Scraggs would hire, is the skipper. Neils Halvorsen, a solemn Swede, constitutes the formidable hands, and Bart McGuffey, a wastrel of the Gibney type, reigns in the engine room.

CHAPTER II.—With this motley crew and his ancient vessel, Captain Scraggs is engaged in freighting *Kanaka* from Honolulu to San Francisco. The inevitable happens, the *Maggie* goes ashore in a fog.

CHAPTER III.—A passing vessel halting the wreck, Mr. Gibney gets word to the towing company in San Francisco that the ship ashore is the *Yankee Prince*, with promise of a rich salvage. Two tug boats succeed in pulling the *Maggie* into deep water, and she slips her tow lines and gets away in the fog.

CHAPTER IV.—Pursued at the deception practiced on them, Captains Hille and Hilleberry, commanding the two tugboats, ascertain the identity of the *Yankee Prince*, and, fearing Hilleberry should be the factor in bringing about the capture, determine on a search for the ship. Their hostile visit to the *Maggie* results in Captain Scraggs promising to get a new boiler and make some repairs to the steamer.

CHAPTER V.—Scraggs refuses to fulfill his promise and Gibney and McGuffey, "striking" with malicious intent, Scraggs ships a bunch of desperadoes and a few days of wild convulsions Gibney and McGuffey are stranded and seek their old positions on the *Maggie*. They are hostilely received, but remain, in their way to San Francisco, they elude a desperado and Gibney and McGuffey sail to it.

CHAPTER VI.—The desperado proves to be the *Chippewa*, a little tug, its crew strikes with Scraggs. Scraggs attempts to escape, but the *Maggie* is unequal to the task and Gibney and McGuffey, alone, sail the ship to San Francisco, their salvage money amounting to \$100,000.

CHAPTER VII.—Independently rich, our two adventurers still have a little feeling for the *Maggie*, and, his crew having deserted him, Captain Scraggs induces them to return. At an old harbor, the three purchase two mysterious emeralds which they believe to be emeralds. Instead, two dead Chinamen.

CHAPTER VIII.—Scraggs seeks to "double cross" his two associates, but Mr. Gibney outwits him and makes a satisfactory financial arrangement with the Chinese company to whom the bodies have been consigned, leaving Scraggs out in the cold.

CHAPTER IX.—Gibney reveals McGuffey's action in leaving him and Scraggs without consulting him, and after a terrific wordy combat the three separate, McGuffey heading westward, Gibney on an oil tanker, Gibney and Scraggs, forced to stay in the *Maggie*, takes a subordinate position as a ferry steamer. Senior Lopez, a Cuban revolutionist, makes Scraggs an offer for transportation to Cuba, and the *Maggie* is once more put into commission. Arriving at his destination, Gibney, through his old companion, Mr. Lopez, is in the company. Time having passed uneventfully, the revolution is just about ready to start, the ammunition and money to revolutionists in Cuba, the way they are attacked by a Mexican army, which they capture, through the *Maggie* is damaged so that it has to be destroyed. On the ground, which is a tragedy, they find their old friend McGuffey, acting as engineer.

CHAPTER X.—Our three adventures form a "syndicate," with the *Maggie*, which they have renamed the *Maggie II*, as their base of operations. They sail for the South Sea Islands, where they plan to obtain valuable black coral.

CHAPTER XI.—Going ashore with supposedly friendly natives, Gibney and Scraggs are taken prisoners, to be held for a cannibal feast.

CHAPTER XII.—Mr. Gibney, believing his friends to have been killed, sends the *Maggie* and Scraggs on, and reaches the ship with two prisoners, the king of the island and his "prime minister." Utilizing the black coral, the "syndicate" collects a valuable cargo of black coral and sails for home. With the double idea of punishing the cannibals for their treachery and inventing a story with which to get a large sum of money, Gibney and McGuffey arrange a battle on board with the prisoners, Gibney to fight one and Scraggs the other. The two lose on a desert island, and while they are engaged in the battle the steamer sails, leaving the five marooned.

CHAPTER XIII.

Neils Halvorsen often wondered what had become of the *Maggie* and Captain Scraggs. Mr. Gibney and Bart McGuffey he knew had turned their sun-burned faces toward deep water some years before Captain Scraggs and the *Maggie* disappeared from the environs of San Francisco bay, and Neils Halvorsen was wise enough to waste no time wondering what had become of them. Those two worthies might be anywhere, and every conceivable thing under the sun might have happened to them; hence, in his idle moments, Neils Halvorsen did not disturb his gray matter speculating on their whereabouts and their then condition of servitude.

But the continued absence of Captain Scraggs from his old haunts created quite a little gossip along the waterfront, and in the course of time rumors of his demise by sundry and devious routes came to the ears of Neils Halvorsen.

Hence "The Squashhead" was puzzled. In fact, to such an extent was Neils puzzled, that one perfectly calm, clear night, while cooing down San Pablo bay in his bay row, the Willie and Annie, he so far forgot himself and his own affairs as to concentrate all his attention on the problem of the ultimate finish of Captain Scraggs. So engrossed was Neils in this vain speculation that he neglected to observe toward the rules of the ocean highways that nicely of attention which is highly requisite, even in the skipper of a bay row, if the folsome

man, wearing an ancient palmleaf hat, sat smoking on the hatch coaming, and him Neils Halvorsen addressed.

"Aye bane want to see Cap'n Scraggs," he said.

The tall dark man stood erect and cast a quick, questioning look at Neils Halvorsen. He hesitated before he made answer.

"What do you want?" he asked deliberately, and there was a subtle menace in his tones. As for Neils Halvorsen, thinking only of the surprise he had in store for his old employer, he replied evasively:

"Aye bane want jok."

"Well, I'm Captain Scraggs, and I haven't any job for you. Get off my boat and wait until you're invited before you come aboard again."

For nearly a minute Neils Halvorsen stared open-mouthed at the spruce Captain Scraggs, while slowly there sifted through his brain the notion that he had happened across the track of a deep and bloody mystery of the seas. There was "something rotten in Denmark." Of that Neils Halvorsen was certain. More he could not be certain of until he had paved the way for a complete investigation, and as a preliminary step toward that end he clinched his fist and sprang swiftly toward the bogus skipper.

"Aye tank you bane d—n liar," he muttered, and struck home, straight and true, to the point of the jaw. The man went down, and in an instant Neils was on top of him. Off came the sailor's belt, the hands of the half-stunned man were quickly tied behind him, and before he had time to realize what had happened Neils had cut a length of cord from a trailing halibut and tied his feet securely, after which he gagged him severely with his bandana handkerchief.

A quick circuit of the ship convinced Neils Halvorsen that the remainder of the dastard crew were evidently ashore, so he descended to the cabin in search of further evidence of crime. He was quite prepared to find Captain Scraggs' master's certificate in its familiar oaken frame, hanging on the cabin wall, but he was dumfounded to observe, hanging on the wall in a similar and equally familiar frame, the certificate of Adolbert P. Gibney as first mate of steam or sail, any ocean and any tonnage.

But still a third framed certificate hung on the wall, and Neils again scratched his head when he read the wording that set forth the legal qualifications of Bartholomew McGuffey to hold down a job as chief engineer of coastwise vessels up to 1,200 tons net register.

It was patent, even to the dull-witted Swede, that there had been foul play somewhere, and the schooner's log, lying open on the table, seemed to offer the first means at hand for a solution of the mystery. Eagerly Neils turned to the last entry. It was not in Captain Scraggs' handwriting, and contained nothing more interesting than the stereotyped reports of daily observations, currents, weather conditions, etc., including a notation of arrival that day at Honolulu. Slowly Halvorsen turned the leaves backward, until at last he was rewarded by a glimpse of a different handwriting. It was the last entry under that particular handwriting, and read as follows:

"June 21, 19— Took an observation at noon, and find that we are in 20-48 S., 174-4 W. At this rate should hit Tuvana-tholo early this afternoon. All hands well and looking forward to the fun at Tuvana. Bent a new living job this morning and had the king and Tabu-Tabu hoist on the deck. A. P. GIBNEY."

Neils Halvorsen sat down to think, and after several minutes of this unusual exercise it appeared to the Swede that he had stumbled upon a clue to the situation. The last entry in the log kept by Mr. Gibney was under date of June 21st—just eleven days ago, and on that date Mr. Gibney had been looking forward to some fun at Tuvana-tholo. Now where was that island and what kind of a place was it?

Neils searched through the cabin until he came across the book that is the bible of every South sea trading vessel—the British admiralty reports. Down the index went the old deck-hand's calloused finger and paused at "Friendly Islands—page 147," whereupon Neils opened the book at page 177 and after a five-minute search discovered that Tuvana-tholo was a barren, uninhabited island in latitude 21-2 south, longitude 178-49 west.

Ten days from the Friendly Islands, the paper said. That meant under power and sail with the trades about the beam. It would take longer fifteen days for the run from Honolulu to that desert island, and Neils Halvorsen wondered whether the marooned men would still be alive by the time all could reach them. For by some sixth sense Neils Halvorsen became convinced that his old friends of the vegetable trade were unharmed. They had gone ashore for some kind of a frolic, and the crew had stolen the schooner and left them to their fate, believing that the castaways would never be heard from and that dead men tell no tales.

He rushed on deck, carried his prisoner down into the cabin, and locked the door on him. A minute later he was clinging to the Jacob's ladder, the canoe shot in to the side of the vessel at his gruff command and passed on shoreward without missing a stroke of the paddle. An hour later, accompanied by three Kanaka sailors picked up at random along the water front, Neils Halvorsen was pulled out to the *Maggie II*. Her crew had not returned and the bogus captain was still triced hard and fast in the cabin.

The Swede did not bother to investigate in detail the food and water supply. A hasty round of the schooner convinced him that she had at least a month's supply of food and water. Only one thought surged through his mind, and that was the

awful necessity for haste. The anchor came in with a rush, the Kanaka boys chanting a song that sounded to Neils like a funeral dirge, and Neils went below and turned the gasoline engines wide open. The *Maggie II* swung around and with a long streak of opalescent foam trailing behind her swung down the bay and faded at last in the ghostly moonlight beyond Diamond head; after which Neils Halvorsen, with murder in his eye and a tarred rope's end in his horny fist, went down into the cabin and talked to the man who posed as Captain Scraggs. In the end he got a confession. Fifteen minutes later he emerged, smiling grimly, gave the Kanaka boy at the wheel the course, and turned in to sleep the sleep of the conscience-free and the weary.

Darkness was creeping over the beach at Tuvana-tholo before Mr. Gibney could smother the despair in his heart sufficient to spur his faded imagination to working order. For nearly an hour the three castaways had sat on the beach in dumb horror, gazing seaward. They were not alone in this, for a little further up the beach the two Fiji Islanders sat huddled on their haunches, gazing stupidly first at the horizon and then at their white captors. It was the sight of these two worthies that spurred Mr. Gibney's torpid brain to action.

"Didn't you say, Mac, that when we left these two cannibals alone on this island that it would develop into a case of dog eat dog or something of that nature?"

Captain Scraggs sprang to his feet, his face white with a new terror. However, he had endured so much since embarking with Mr. Gibney on a life of wild adventure that his nerves had become rather inured to impending death, and presently his fear gave way to an evermastering rage. He hurled his hat on the sands and jumped on it until it was a mere shipshape rag.

"Let's cut a meeting of the Robinson Crusoe syndicate," said Mr. Gibney.

"Second the motion," rumbled McGuffey.

"Carried," said the commodore. "The first business before the meeting is the organization of an expedition to chase these two cannibals to the other end of the island. I ain't got the heart to kill 'em, so let's chase 'em away before they get fresh with us."

"Good idea," responded McGuffey, whereupon he picked up a rock and threw it at the king. Mr. Gibney followed with two rocks, Captain Scraggs screamed defiance at the en-

emy, and the enemy fled in wild disorder, pursued by the syndicate. After a chase of half a mile Mr. Gibney led his cohorts back to the beach.

"Let's build a fire—not that we need it, but just for company—and sleep till morning." By that time my imagination'll be in workin' order and I'll scheme a breakfast out of this Godforsaken hole."

At the first hint of dawn Mr. Gibney, true to his promise, was up and scouting for breakfast. He found some coconuts on a rocky crag and killed half a dozen of them with a club. On his way back to camp he discovered a few handfuls of sea salt in a crevice between some rocks, and the syndicate breakfasted an hour later on roast gooney. It was oily and fishy but an excellent substitute for anything at all, and the syndicate was grateful. The breakfast would have been cheerless, in fact, if Captain Scraggs had not made repeated reference to his excessive thirst. McGuffey lost patience before the meal was over, and cuffed Captain Scraggs, who thereupon subsided with tears in his eyes. This hurt McGuffey. It was like salt in a fresh wound, so he patting the skipper on the back and humbly asked his pardon. Captain Scraggs forgave him and murmured something about death making them all equal.

"The next business before the syndicate," announced Mr. Gibney, "is a search of this island for water."

They searched all forenoon. At intervals they caught glimpses of the two cannibals skulking behind sand dunes, but they found no water. Toward the center of the island, however, the soil was less barren, and here a grove of coconut palms lifted their tufted crests invitingly.

"We will camp in this grove," said the commodore, "and keep guard over these green coconuts. There must be nearly a hundred of them and I notice a little taro root here and there. As those coconuts are full of milk, that insures us life for a week or two if we go on a short ration. By bath-

ing in several times a day we can keep down our thirst some and perhaps it'll rain."

"What if it does?" snapped Captain Scraggs bitterly. "We ain't got nothing but our hats to catch it in."

"Well, then, Scraggs, old stick-in-the-mud," replied the commodore quizzically. "It's a cinch you'll go thirsty. Your hat looks like a cullender."

Captain Scraggs choked with rage, and Mr. Gibney, springing at the nearest palm, shinned to the top of it in the most approved sailor fashion. A moment later, instead of coconuts, rich unctuous coconuts began to descend on McGuffey and Scraggs.

"Gib, my dear boy," inquired Scraggs, "whatever is the matter of you?"

"That bound Tabu-Tabu's been strippin' our coconut grove," roared the commodore. "He must have spent half the night up in these trees."

"Thank the Lord they didn't take 'em all," said McGuffey piously. "Chuck me down a nut, Gib," said Captain Scraggs. "I'm famished."

In conformity with the commodore's plans, the castaways made camp in the grove. For a week they subsisted on gooneys, taro root, coconuts and coconut milk, and a sea-turtle which Scraggs found wandering on the beach. This suggested turtle eggs to Mr. Gibney, and a change of diet resulted. Nevertheless, the unaccustomed food, poorly cooked as it was, and the lack of water, told cruelly on them, and their strength failed rapidly.

At the end of a week, all hands were troubled with indigestion and McGuffey de-sloped a low fever. They had lost much flesh and were a white, haggard-looking trio. On the afternoon of the tenth day on the island the sky clouded up and Mr. McGuffey predicted a williwaw. Captain Scraggs predicted feebly if it was good to eat.

That night it rained, and to the great joy of the marooned mariners Mr. Gibney discovered, in the center of a big sandstone rock, a natural reservoir that held about ten gallons of water. They drank to repelation and felt their strength return a thousand-fold. Tabu-Tabu and the king came into camp about this time, and pleaded for a ration of water. Mr. Gibney, swearing horribly at them, granted their request, and the king, in his gratitude, threw himself at the commodore's feet and kissed them. But Mr. Gibney was not to be deceived, and after furnishing them with a supply of water in coconut calabashes, he ordered them to their own side of the island.

On the eighteenth day the last drop of water was gone, and on the twenty-second day the last of the coconuts disappeared. The prospects of more rain were not bright. The gooneys were becoming shy and distrustful and the syndicate was experiencing more and more difficulty, not only in killing them, but in eating them. McGuffey, who had borne up uncomplainingly, (Continued on page ten)

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At the first hint of dawn Mr. Gibney, true to his promise, was up and scouting for breakfast. He found some coconuts on a rocky crag and killed half a dozen of them with a club. On his way back to camp he discovered a few handfuls of sea salt in a crevice between some rocks, and the syndicate breakfasted an hour later on roast gooney. It was oily and fishy but an excellent substitute for anything at all, and the syndicate was grateful. The breakfast would have been cheerless, in fact, if Captain Scraggs had not made repeated reference to his excessive thirst. McGuffey lost patience before the meal was over, and cuffed Captain Scraggs, who thereupon subsided with tears in his eyes. This hurt McGuffey. It was like salt in a fresh wound, so he patting the skipper on the back and humbly asked his pardon. Captain Scraggs forgave him and murmured something about death making them all equal.

"The next business before the syndicate," announced Mr. Gibney, "is a search of this island for water."

They searched all forenoon. At intervals they caught glimpses of the two cannibals skulking behind sand dunes, but they found no water. Toward the center of the island, however, the soil was less barren, and here a grove of coconut palms lifted their tufted crests invitingly.

"We will camp in this grove," said the commodore, "and keep guard over these green coconuts. There must be nearly a hundred of them and I notice a little taro root here and there. As those coconuts are full of milk, that insures us life for a week or two if we go on a short ration. By bath-

ing in several times a day we can keep down our thirst some and perhaps it'll rain."

"What if it does?" snapped Captain Scraggs bitterly. "We ain't got nothing but our hats to catch it in."

"Well, then, Scraggs, old stick-in-the-mud," replied the commodore quizzically. "It's a cinch you'll go thirsty. Your hat looks like a cullender."

Captain Scraggs choked with rage, and Mr. Gibney, springing at the nearest palm, shinned to the top of it in the most approved sailor fashion. A moment later, instead of coconuts, rich unctuous coconuts began to descend on McGuffey and Scraggs.

"Gib, my dear boy," inquired Scraggs, "whatever is the matter of you?"

"That bound Tabu-Tabu's been strippin' our coconut grove," roared the commodore. "He must have spent half the night up in these trees."

"Thank the Lord they didn't take 'em all," said McGuffey piously. "Chuck me down a nut, Gib," said Captain Scraggs. "I'm famished."

In conformity with the commodore's plans, the castaways made camp in the grove. For a week they subsisted on gooneys, taro root, coconuts and coconut milk, and a sea-turtle which Scraggs found wandering on the beach. This suggested turtle eggs to Mr. Gibney, and a change of diet resulted. Nevertheless, the unaccustomed food, poorly cooked as it was, and the lack of water, told cruelly on them, and their strength failed rapidly.

Business Directory

RAILROAD TIME TABLES	
Pere Marquette Railroad	
Westbound	Eastbound
8:15 a. m.	10:15 a. m.
1:35 p. m.	4:15 p. m.
5:54 p. m.*	8:55 p. m.*
* Daily and Sunday	
Ann Arbor Railroad	
Northbound	Southbound
8:35 a. m.	7:15 a. m.
12:35 p. m.	10:00 a. m.
4:54 p. m.	12:10 p. m.
9:05 p. m.	4:58 p. m.
* Daily and Sunday	
10:36 p. m.	6:39 a. m.
Run Sunday only.	24-4t

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